

crimson soldier (full)

by gwydion28

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Summary: Crimson Soldier full story. I was gonna post it in chapters. But i got lazy and decided to post it all.

crimson soldier (full)

Hey guys! If you are reading this then you probably have this on a thumb drive. If not then I have posted this on the internet. Either way, hope you enjoy this one. Lets hope you read the first two. If not ask me about them. The first one is called breakpoint. Now for the big announcement. I am considering a new character for the story. Why do I tell you this? Send in your character for a chance to see them enter the story! Good luck guys! caseylongo00 gmail deckman28  
\_Crimson soldier\_

Designation: gwydion

location: medical bay

status: being checked for wounds sustained on battlefield.

I couldn't help but feel annoyed sitting on the table without my shirt on. When I got here I was stripped out of the marine armor I wore. Then I was given a pair of combat boots, pants, and a plain white shirt. I was happy to be in something that didn't have eighty pounds of armor attached to to it. Then I was hustled to a med bay soon after. At first it was like heaven, all the wounds that I had sustained were being mended. After a while though, it felt like I was trapped in the small cube that was the med room. I slept in the bay of course. But every two minutes the doctors would call me in to tell me something or to do more test.

There seemed to be no end to the stream of tedium. Sleep, wake, get told more stuff by a doctor. The nurse seemed to not like me very much. Her name was weird and complex to pronounce. She came from a planet that gave out names like that. That or her parents did not like her. Due to this everyone just called her Wendy. Where they got

that name don't ask me. She sat across from me. A lot of rumors floated around about her. And not the nice kind. The type of rumors that ended with a wink or someone saying. "If you know what I mean."

as if she had heard my thoughts she looked up at me from a report she was reading. At that time I had busied myself trying to pick at the medical tape that covered my abdomen. "stop that" she said simply. I dropped my hand to my side. Boredom was not a was not a easy thing to fight. I tried to strike up a conversation. Couldn't hurt, right? "so um why am I here exactly?" I asked absently. Though I didn't expect much of a reply. Wendy did not talk much. Which is weird for such crazy rumors to fly since she doesn't say much. At least to me. Wait, does she just not want to talk to me? Am I that unlikeable? There no way she can hate me I just met her. I mean if I made friends with Rowler then I can make friends with any one.

"you are a special case sir. You survived a explosion that would kill almost anyone. In fact it should of killed anyone. The fact that we are having this conversation is why I say almost. You also performed filed duties for a extended amount of time while wounded." she finished on that note as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. Which in hindsight I suppose it was. I tried for round two. If I was stuck here might as well. "do you deal with guys who blow themselves up often? Or is this a new thing?"

She did not seemed amused by my joke. In fact I don't think she even noticed it. "No I don't deal with idiots often." ouch, that one stung a little. Now I can see why such rumor were around. Most guys probably just wanted to get back at her for the treatment she gave them. Hell, I was thinking about tossing a few around after this. Though I couldn't help but press the matter. "Idiot? Well I feel depressed now, Thanks." I tried my best to sarcasm in my voice. That earned me a viscous look from her. Now your probably thinking what does this ville lady look like. Well in fact the better term girl. She had to be no older than me. She had very red hair. That hung in a ponytail.

She was about average height. She was also a dead ringer for any magazine shoot. Probably one that sold things like bikinis or something like that. Even then she had a cold edge to her. I don't know if that was just how she is or if she doesn't like me in particular. Though I wasn't doing a very good job at making a good impression on her. She stared at me for a second before saying. "I know you feel like some hero for diving headfirst into a bomb but your just another idiot trying to be a hero. Who gets hurt and then hits on all the ladies at the bar. Then goes out and gets killed trying to repeat what gave him his fame." she stopped then added briefly. "to me, your idiot number one in a million." she said very quickly. Now I don't now if I was exactly going to use this story to hit on women and I sure wasn't thinking about fame when I took my dive. I did consider if I would get a medal when I was in the canyon. Only because I had to think about coming home. Otherwise I could of gone completely mad.

I can damn sure tell you that I wouldn't be doing the generator thing again. That hurt to much and I have yet to see the fruits of my labor pay off yet. There was a welcome back party waiting for me. Though it was only my team and a few guys who had heard the news. Supposedly, I was some big thing now. A lot of people had heard about my "death"

,at least, a lot of people in the military.

By now though it had spread like wildfire. People everywhere were talking about the soldier that blew up the covenant, then lived to kill even more. A pedal said that I had earned a title. He says they call me legend of hero's. Since the name of the place is now called hero's valley. The title sounded cool enough but I didn't quite want it. Mainly because the price I payed was so high. I would of said this but instead simply just said "well sorry for what this idiot did. I was just trying to save some lives." she blinked. Must have been used to guys who tried to press there case. then she got angry again. "you could of done a thousand things that didn't resort to you blowing to yourself up."

"Yea I could of, I guess, there were a lot of things that could of done differently. In combat though there is no time to think about what else you can do. You just do" I don't know where that came from. I'm not one to usually talk about things like that. In any case, she stilled looked straight pissed. For a minute I wondered if she always looked like that. She simply turned and continued her work. It was silent for a minute then a doctor came in. I was glad that he had come in. because I was never very good at talking to girls. I think this was a fine example of that. "gwydion, we checked to see if you were OK for combat. It seems that most of your wounds have healed well. You seem yo know whats going on around you. All you need is new equipment."

chapter 2: new toys

Designation: gwydion

Location: UNSC armory, aboard the ship \_e pluribus unum\_

status: replacing equipment lost during combat.

The armory, for a gun nut, is heaven. For someone who is interested tech, it is more or less cool though when we arrived at the armory. I was shuttled to a back room. This place was were new armor was kept. I noticed there was multiple rows of tubes. Each one went from the floor to the ceiling. Most of them had names on them. With markings under them they looked like tally marks.

The place reminded me of a locker room. At the end there was one with my name on it. We stopped short. The people that made my entourage were pedal, Rowler, soulful, and dock. They had a air of suppressed excitement. I looked at the tube then back at them. "ok what is it?" I said. Soulful replied first. "it is your own personal locker. See, when you completely your first mission, you get your own locker." I looked around the room. "behind the armory? Isn't that a little weird. And also what if we move ships? Or go to ground?" I said. I don't think they thought this through.

"don't worry the pod is removable. That's why they are tube shaped, easier to move around. The armory was the only place that they had room at." soulful answered. Well that shut me up. Then pedal answered my next question before I could say it. "the tallies our mission that you did." I raised an eyebrow. I liked the idea enough but I only did one. I voiced this and dock answered. "we are going to count when you were stuck in the canyon as a mission. Only seems fair." I couldn't argue with that. There was second delay before soulful said "you

should open your locker now. Or did you think that the locker was the only gift that we got you." I nodded then looked for a button to open it. My friends all laughed at my puzzled expression when I didn't see one. "It doesn't have a button to open it. Put your hand anywhere on it. The whole front surface is a handprint reader. Also applies when your wearing gloves. Don't know how though." pedal grunted. I could of sat there and told him that it was because it wasn't a handprint ready. It was a x-ray devices that reads the bones in your hand. Instead of your fingerprint. Mainly because if your hand was covered in blood. Or if you had gloves on.

Instead of doing this I just pressed my hand against the tube. After a few seconds to file and store the data. The tube popped open. I nearly jumped back reaching for the pistol at my side. Then realized what was in my locker. In the middle was a suit standing up as if on display. It was a full spartan SOLDIER class armor. Colored crimson, the suit almost looked like a person was standing in my locker. The only thing that wasn't SOLDIER class was the helmet. Which I recognized as the standard helmet. Not just any standard helmet. But the one that I had worn in the ravine. I laughed loudly as I looked the armor up and down. SOLDIER class armor wasn't the best or anything. But it was the most durable. It was made to last in long conditions and combat. It had a lot of bulk to it. Which meant more armor. In the legs and arms though it was light so that one could run and jump freely.

"Well try it on!" Dock exclaimed. I nodded and started the process of pulling the gel layer over me. "where a armor station to fit this armor?" I asked as I slipped my arm through a sleeve. "at the end of this room we had a portable one brought in. Just in case." I looked over and saw the circular armor station. I walked over and stood in the center. Waiting as my friends loaded the armor and dialed my size in. in a few seconds the machine started . I was lifted then felt the familiar weight of armor strapping into place. After all was said and done. I placed my helmet on my head. I waited while all my neural uplinks downloaded. After that a voice chimed into my head. "downloading info...data stream online...info downloaded...system updated...working...hello new user."

I jumped and looked around for the source of the voice. There was no one else in the room. I looked to pedal. Who gladly explained the problem. "Its your new AI. Since master chiefs was such a success they wanted to try and duplicate the results. They needed a soldier who had proven himself and you fit the bill." he said in a bit of a sour tone. I didn't know how I felt about having some random AI in my head. Then again. It could be cool. "you guys got one too?" I asked. "no we aren't special enough." Dock said sounding just a little jealous. I didn't know if I should try to talk to the AI directly. Though that seems like the most logical choice. After a moment more of indecision. I spoke directly to the AI. " hello? What is your name." I said. After a moment the AI spoke up. "My name is 44561299373. how may I help you." the AI droned in a emotionless British tinged voice. Obviously a male. "what is your calsign?" I asked hoping the AI would give me a less confusing answer. "That is my calsign. My full designation is 4456129937389ALIASDRONE primary FOXTROT ROMEO." the AI said. With all the emotion of a man reading the phone book.

"You need a better name than that. How bout we just shorten it to romeo?" I said. The AI was silent for a moment, then said "romeo will

do. For it is far more efficient in combat. Can I help you in any other way." I shook my head. 'romeo' was gonna have to do some warming up if he was gonna be in my head. As if he heard this he said "I have been made with human DNA much like cortanna. There is where the similarities end though. I understand human emotion. But in combat it can be compromising." well we were going to have to fix that eh? This wasn't the place for that though. We had to move on. plus to my friends it looked like I was talking to myself. They seemed to understand to a extent. Or at least they didn't say anything when I said "what are we doing next." which I was relieved when he said. " we are gonna go to debriefing after this. YOU are going to go back to the nurse." OK maybe not relieved but at least there was no combat in the near future.

I sighed and made a big show about being disappointed that I would not get into combat. Though a part of me was really frustrated that I would have to go back to the medical ward. Where nurse from hell was. I nodded and went back to the med bay. Wendy looked up with a smile when I walked in. I didn't know what changed but she seemed a lot nicer to me. Then I realized that it was because my face was currently masked by my helmet. For a brief second I considered trying to fake being a different person. Then I shot it down. I didn't need her to be madder at me than she already was. Besides the fact she was a nurse. I hate to be injected by some drug that would murder me. What was the saying 'hell hath no fury like a woman scorn.' she spoke which broke my train a concentration "how may I help you?" she said, for a minute I could almost see how so many guys were attracted to her. Then when I took my helmet off she gave me a look that reminded me that she hated my guts. She kept glaring at me as a sat down on the bunk that had been designated to me.

Which was gratefully far away from her. I laid down to sleep. After a minute of laying down and staring at the ceiling. I dozed off into a fitful sleep.

**\*\*Chapter 3: revelations \*\***

designation: chief scientist Erica

location: soulful office

status: unknown

I sat and watched soulful go through the standard practice stances. It was just me and him in the room. He knew that I had entered, not just because the door announced me with a loud hiss that accompanies it opening. But also because I doubted that anything could get past him. I watched him gracefully leap and bound across the floor. Every movement of his arm would of meant death for a imaginary enemy. Every step was measured and precise. Nothing about his pose and strikes were wasted. Eventually I spoke up. "you know I'm not here to be entertained by your swordplay." Soulful did not even break stride.

He took awhile to answer back. "I thought not, I think I can guess what you want to talk about" I will be the first to admit that I was ,shall we say, enthusiastic to begin work on the project. "He is doing considerably well. Though the I still disagree with how the committee decided to raise him. Neglect and abuse does not always make the best soldiers." Soulful seemed to not hear me. He finished a

spin that ended in a low thrust. A disemboweling blow. "It seemed to work this time though. Either way he performs at his best and scored more kills on that field than any active spartan. Including me and pedal."

I nodded, I already knew this. The explosion took a large number of covenant. Even without this though he still killed more than soulful. "Does he know?" Soulful asked something in his voice that sounded deadly serious. I reached up and pulled the red wig from my head. The image modifier that was built into it flickered off. Revealing my true face. "no, as far as he knows, I'm a fiery red head in her early to mid twenties that hates his guts." Soulful grinned. "almost like the girl I knew twenty years ago. Except with no red hair." I shook my head and returned his grin. "careful that girl may have to hurt you." Soulful slashed down in the air. A killing blow if ever there was one. "Further more, he seems to have a lot of free spirit, the fact that he chose to pick up on engineering instead of gunplay, despite his uprising and his...abilities. This may prove a problem later. So far though, it seems to have largely positive effects. Also..." Soulful slammed his blade on the ground. "You do realize that he is more than a tool, right? All Spartans have free will, Erica, because he shows it more readily means he is willing to go farther."

I blink, of course I had stepped over a boundary. What it was I couldn't quite say. I stood ready to take my leave. "If I offended you in any way then I'm sorry. But you know how this was going to be. He is nothing more than a soldier. He may be more important, but a soldier non the less." Soulful seemed to calm down. "I'm sorry, but a man under my command is one of my own." I nodded, I guess it made sense to a extent. Soulful was always protective of his soldiers.

I looked around his office. It was very bare. There were a few things here and there. Trophies and badges he had earned during his time in service. Here a ribbon with a stylized bullet on it. There a plasma pistol that was picked up from a dead enemy. I was sitting on a chair that was in front of his desk. I had turned it around to face him. For he was in the middle of his quite spacious office. He picked up his sword and continued to practice his sword play. He began with slow deliberate movement.

"Maybe if he knew what he was. Then we could avoid all this extra work." Soulful finally said, breaking the silence that had fallen over the office. "No, we talked about this before. For this to work, he must be unaware of our manipulation. We don't know what kind of mental state that would put him in. not to mention the fact that what we are doing is suppose to top secret. Hell, its dangerous that you and me know. Much less the person who is actually going through the process." Soulful nodded in between sword swings. Thoughts swirled in my mind. The outcome of him possible finding out what he really was. Of course, he would find out eventually. But the farther away that was, the better.

**\*\*Chapter 4: the best laid plans.\*\***

Designation: gwydion

location: briefing deck

status: preparing for mission after recovery.

It was weird getting to know romeo. From what I could tell, he loved numbers and statistics. He always babble about things that required numbers. Being an engineer I was able to understand some of what he said. That didn't help though. For I found myself trying to figure out what I didn't understand. Romeo was currently looking over whatever random bit of data that he received via wireless networks that he was tapped into.

I starred hard at the digital map that soulful had pulled up. Their was a plot of land that had a base sitting plainly on it. There was nothing special about it. It looked like the hundreds I had seen in simulators at home and in training. Four walls, an inner court yard, armory, barracks, command center, so on and so forth. The only stand out of it was the size. It was quite large for an outpost.

The place seemed to be able to fit at least four smaller outposts in it. And still have some space left over. The whole squad was gathered there. Dock had taken a seat next to mine. There were a few officers there as well. People who would lead troops on the ground. Then there was soulful. Who always seemed to be the center of attention even when he wasn't. I sipped the cup of coffee dock had offered me. "you love coffee too much, you know that right?" It was dock who spoke up. "Maybe, but I don't complain about you wanting to drink every drop of soda you can possibly find." To punctuate the sentence, I poked the empty can of soda that lay near his foot. He swiftly kicked further under his chair. Grinning the whole time.

"Hey, at least it isn't like the gas station back home." He said bringing up old memories from home. "how did you even manage to set fire to a tank of water?" I replied. "you try very hard" whatever I was going to say back was lost when soulful stood up and began to speak. "As you all know this is the planet samker. Inside the uyles system, the covenant have recently sent an invading force. To this system. We are here to prevent this system from being taken over." He pointed to the map. Indicating the base, as if we could have missed it.

"This is firebase bastion, the covenant has taken over the base. Now they have renamed it. The alien names differ from species to species. But it has the same meaning, 'protector of our saint' we don't know what that means. But they are serious about the protector part. We can only assume that they have a prophet inside this base." A murmur went through the crowd. If a prophet had made planet side then that meant the covenant were serious about taking this system. We all knew what a prophet was. The leaders of the covenant. They were thought to have the voice and vision of the so called "god". Most covenant followed them with a suicidal determination.

Soulful waited for the chatter to die down. "We can only assume that this prophet goes by the name saint zerus. He is mostly known for his ruthless tactics. He has a special guard of elites known as 'the saints angels'" the covenant and their damn use of titles. I took a good long sip of coffee. Wishing that I had more. "Now I know that a prophet is a bad sign. So we need to end this as soon as possible." soulful gestured to the map. It zoomed in, a building lit up red, from what I could tell. It was a prison. "This is where we believe he is setting up his command post. A lot of enemy movement in this area."

soulful shifted in his seat. There wasn't a lot of motion in the room as most were trying to absorb as much information as they could. Romeo was recording the whole thing and already laying out ways to enter and assault the base. "So I propose that I lead my team in while the attack is in progress. Then, we sabotage any means of escape. And kill the prophet." the room was quite. Attacking the base was already decided. Even before the prophet was brought up. The planet was too important to leave alone. It served as a staging area to protect from outside attack. But suggesting to take out a prophet, and volunteering to do it with your team. It was almost unheard of. Most people that tried to take down prophets did not have long live expectancy. Even that said many people started to nod their heads in agreement. "then it is settled. I will lead my assault force into the base under the attack. Disable escape routes, and kill the prophet. Any questions?"

There was at least twenty dead grunts around the corner of the cliff. There was plenty of cover to hide behind. The terrain was about as mountainous as it gets. There was only one real clear path to the base. It was wide enough to fit maybe three scorpions side by side. It was at least eight in the morning as me and dock watched for any targets. The assault would begin in about ten minutes. Right outside the view of covenant was a battalion of men and armor. Spartans and marines, ready to charge toward the covenant.

Our team was sent forward to recon and weaken their defense. The grunts were patrols that made the mistake of finding us. The turrets on the front gate would not fire for the covenant. I had made sure of that with a few quick presses of a EMP portable device. We had been here for about three days. The whole time preparing the battalion and setting about sabotaging the covenant. Oddly enough they did not seem to be interested in leaving. Most of their aerial ships were banshees and the few dropships they had were set for optimal combat. None the less we had made sure that they would not take off. Cutting energy cells and destroying engines.

Now all the preparation was about to come to fruition. I waited patiently for the first sign that would tell them to attack. Dock broke the silence. "I wished they would hurry up, this waiting is terrible." I shook my head as took a swig of coffee from my canteen. "You should of brought a book, then again you don't know how to read." Dock laughed. "yea, but I know how to talk to girls." I nodded my head slowly. He continued "remember sarah? O man did you screw up there!" I cut him off. "Yea and I remember you trying to blow up the street she was on. How did you get a artillery shell, anyway?" he replied back with a grin "you try really hard."

then the signal went off. A flare went into the early morning sky. Painting the sky red. A shout went out in the base, there was noway that the covenant did not see the signal. Instantly the turrets that were on top of the main gate were powering up to take on whatever was coming their way. Only too late did they realize that the turrets weren't working. The first scorpions rolled around the corner. Picked their target, and fired

the turrets blew up in a blossom of blue and white. Covies shot back with their small arm. Determined to keep the enemy out of the base. "That's not like them. Most grunts would run as soon as the scorpions came around the corner, now they are defenseless. But they are still fighting, hell maybe even harder than the elites. They are serious



about this prophet." dock said as he snagged the head off a elite. It was a unsettling thought that even the cowardly grunts were fighting with determination. A second explosion rocked the position were the covies were shooting. Heavy emphasis on were. The gate and walls were very spartan, ahh see what I did there? Spartan?

The gate was tall and narrow. It could allow one scorpion through. Probably because the base only held one or two tanks. It would also limit the number we could get through. Non the less it was a big metal door. And our guys was giving one hell of a knock. Tank round after round slammed into the door. Between them, men and warthogs milled about, getting ready their squads and preparing to strom the gate. As soon as the tanks opened it they would rush in and take the open gate. Then they could bring in the tanks without fear of being blown up. Before then though me and dock would infiltrate as soulful and pedal lead a assault that would lead them away from the prison. Then it would be up to me and dock to take down the prophet. We would have to be very quick and silent.

Then we got the signal to go. The gate heaved under the pressure of so much firepower. Then a great screech sounded out. The gate fell away. Smashing into the ground with a loud thud. Then all went quite for awhile. It seemed time stopped. On one side, an path to assault has just opened up and they were about to charge head first into a fray.

On the other, the only thing that protected them from the hell that was trying to get in. was just felled. Then the world came back to life. Men poured towards the gate. Or the huge hole that was once a gate. Aliens took up defense. All of it was beneath us. Literally and figuratively. High in the mountain. We had a clear shot for the spring loaded line guns.

When fired a harpoon with a rope attached to the end of it, would fire and pierce what ever wall it hit. Dock made sure we were on target. I made sure they would fire. The line guns were heavy, bulky affairs. They were about as tall as a man and way more heavier. Dock gave me a thumbs up and then followed it with a movement that mimicked keeping quite. I took one last breath and mashed the button on my WMC (wrist-mounted computer) and watched the line gun launch. We watched as the line hit the armory. It wasn't the closest thing to the prison. But it was the closest that we could hit with the line gun limited range. It hit with a solid \_thunk!\_ It usually would have gotten the attention. At the moment though, they were busy with other matters. Me and dock pulled out our hooks. They were simply metal hooks. What? Not everything can be awesome in the future. We placed our hooks on the line. With one last good luck wish. We zip-lined into the heart of hell.

The assault was going about as well as it could. Pedal is, of course, leading a frontal attack on the gate. He would take the zone at the gate. Setting up a staging point for the rest of the attack. "Sir Soulful!" a voice sounded behind me. I turned slightly to see the man who had addressed me. He was a young man, most likely a private. He seemed to small for his combat outfit. His helmet seemed to big.

"Report." I said simply. "The battle is going as expected. We have taken the gate. But there something...strange about it." The last part caught my full attention. For this assassination to work,

everything had to work perfectly. The slightest implication could mean my team gets discovered. "What is the problem." After years of working on the field. I have learned to keep my sentences short and to the point. All too often, men get lost in a babble of information. "Well everything is going as planned but... the covenant aren't going to the gate like we thought. They are falling back to the prison."

The last part hit particularly hard. The prison, right where my operatives were heading. I needed a way to get them away from there. The covenant were serious about protecting their prophet. If they were serious enough to forget about a full scale invasion and go to the prison. Then nothing could move them from there less than a orbital strike. Which wasn't an option to begin with.

Since the base was too much of an asset. "tell pedal to lead a charge to the prison. Tear everything down that gets in their way. Move all armor to the front. Hit the prison hard!" I moved off to the gate. I pulled my battle rifle from my mag lock position on my back. The com channel lit up as my orders were relayed. Mantises lumbered to the front of the field. Scorpions slowly rumbled toward the frontline. Men rushed forward to join the vanguard. I made my way there with little effort. The battle was not pitched at all. Or at least it wasn't at the gate. Most enemy units were pulling into a retreat.

Men fired into their ranks. Tanks fired salvo after salvo into the enemy column. They later blew up in blossoms of red and yellow. Mounted machine guns on the warthogs roared their voices as well. Covenant weapons discharged with energy. Com channels lit up. Men shouted orders through their headsets.

This was a battle. Not what hero valley was. That was a back against the wall style fight. Low ammo and man power. This time, both sides had equal footing. Aliens had numbers and defensive turrets. We had armor and momentum. Pedal was showing the last part with enthusiasm. His group was tearing apart the field.

I fired my rifle into the group that was trying to hold back a squad. Two grunts fell with two precise quick bursts. An elite turned to fire on me. He made the mistake of taking his attention away from the group he was just firing on. They made sure he paid for it. I turned to the main concentration of covenant. They were, of course, at the prison. The fire from the tanks was wreaking havoc among them. Gatling fire sowed bloody stitches among the ranks.

Yet still they held. Any squad that tried to get near was fought back. I let my rifle bark into the group multiple times. If I couldn't get them to move away from the prison. I could at least get their attention to one side of it. At least then my team could get in one side. The chances were slim. But if there was even a slight chance, it was this.

"so, the old plan is out." I said dryly as we watched covenant swarm where we were supposed to enter. Dock seemed to agree. We had all of no options. Sneaking past the covies was easy/hard enough. Since most of them were busy fighting our guys. The others met a swift end to my or docks knife. We had gotten to this position and were expecting it to be empty. Instead tons of covies were here. And they were ready for a fight."guess we can take the back back entrance?" The way he put it

sounded like he didn't expect a good answer. "It's a prison. How many entrances do you think it is going to have?" Dock nodded, we needed to get through somehow. At the moment though. That way wasn't showing itself. Then it did. Multiple loud explosion sounded off at the front of the prison. All the covies went towards it. They must of figured no one would come through here. Proved them wrong, eh?

"Well there is your sign from above gwydion, lets move." I nodded, it seems lady luck had not given up on us yet. We sprinted to the door. It was a unremarkable door. But the building itself was large. It was obvious that it was meant to hold a lot of people. Probably to a nearby city or town. It was locked with a digital pad. After some, um, forceful persuasion. We got the door open. I turned to dock to give him a thumbs up. He wasn't looking at me though, he was more focused on the group of enemies rushing our position. "Go!" was all he yelled as he shoved through the door. He fired his pistol into the group. Out of instinct my assault rifle raised. To late, I was already through the door. Dock was still outside fighting the group. I started to go out and try to help him but as soon as I tried he pushed me in with another forceful shove.

"I got this, go find the prophet. That what we are here to do and we are running out of time." He shouted over plasma fire. "I'm not leaving you behind!" I roared back. He gave wolfish laugh. "I'm not giving you a choice." He slammed his hand into the door. After a second I heard the sound of a seal-strip going off. A strip that would heat up and seal the door to its metallic frame. I was numb, all I could do was stare at the door. Luckily it was sound proof.. I knew the covies would call in reinforcements. Soon uncountable numbers would show up. Dock would be overrun. All I could do was just stand here. I shook myself out of my reverie. I shook myself literally trying to shake away the memories of a certain red cat. I had to keep moving on. At least the mission would take my mind off of the ordeal. I turned from the door and took in my surroundings. The hall was poorly lit. blood splattered on the walls. Bodies of former inmates were lined up. They must of been executed.

It seemed like a image from hell. What was worse is it seemed to fit my mood. I walked past the bodies without so much as a second glance. There was another door at the end of the hall. I opened it and found myself in one of the cell blocks. The block was large. There were two levels, the upper one seemed to be empty as well.

I walked past empty cell after empty cell. I almost could hear the old convicts. Then I came face to face with a elite. My gun went up instantly. The only thing that stopped me from firing was the fact that he was not in armor. And uh...behind bars. The elite looked up from the floor with a blank face. He didn't seem to care very much that I had a loaded rifle pointed at his face. "Peace, human, I am not like most of my kind" He sighed. He wasn't dressed in armor. Instead he was wearing dirty clothes that looked a lot like a potato sack that was re-purposed for clothes. "I do not wish to fight you human."

I blinked, it was rare for elites to speak English. Much less so fluent. If I had not seen him and heard him I would of thought he was human. "um, why are you in a jail cell?" honestly it was the most basic question. I had a lot more than just that. But I figured that the alien didn't want to play twenty questions. "Because my brothers put me here. They...do not agree with my ideas. So they beat me and

put me in here." I looked around. For a second, I had forgotten where I was. There was little more strange than having a conversation with one of the enemy. "what was your idea?" I asked, trying to sound as friendly as possible.

"I believe that humans and our kind can exist together. Much like the Arbiter and his group." He gave me a certain look that seemed like a calculating stare. Though it is hard to say what look it really was. Elites did not have normal mouths. Instead they had pincer like jaws with four hinges. The elite stood from the bed he had been sitting on. He cut a very impressive figure in his cell. Most elites were seven foot tall. He was tall even by those standards. I looked up at the elite. "So they put you in here?" The elite nodded slowly, almost all the movement about him seemed slow. Maybe not slow, but thought out.

"I wished that more humans were like you. Most would shoot on sight, Not many stop to talk. You probably should leave now." As if to punctuate his sentence. A loud explosion rocked the prison. I started to turn away, then for some weird reason. I turned shouldered my rifle, and shot. The elite jumped back, staring in surprise at me. The lock to the cell door busted as bullets passed through it. The elite slowly pushed the door open and stared openly at me. "You stay here and you die. At least you should get a chance to fight for your life." my mind flashed to felix jumping in front of a plasma bolt. Then to dock pushing me through a door. I shook my head, trying to clear the unwelcome thoughts away.

The alien looked around as if seeing the prison for the first time. "Thank you my name Ajul'sada, just call me Ajul." Now it was my turn to nod. "I'm here to find a target that the covenant have deemed a high priority. Do you know where it is?" I said, probably more hopeful than anything. Ajul seemed to think for a moment. Then said. "I think they keep something of value in the medical room. Though I don't know what. I do not here much news in these cells. I am heading for the nearest exit." He looked me up and down. "You seem set on whatever objective you have. I wish you luck on your mission." he stalked off into the shadows. I watched the retreating back of Ajul. One of the enemy. And I just let him go. Any other spartan would probably captured or killed him. I turned and started walking to the med room. Today was going to be very interesting if I was to judge by what had happened already.

Chapter 5: chance meetings.

Designation:gwydion

location: inside firebase Bastion

status:locating and eliminating dangerous target.

Finding the med bay was harder than expected. There weren't many sign that said 'the med bay is this way, idiot.' Most of my hunt was for some kind sign. When I finally found one, it wasn't exactly big or obvious. But it did say med bay with a arrow that pointed down the hallway. A acrid scent had filled my nose. The smell of battle. A all to familiar smell of blood mixed in with gunpowder and burning. That meant that the fighting force had made its way inside the main gate. And was dangerously close to the jail.

The distant \_thud, thud, thud \_of tanks firing salvo after deadly salvo into the covenant horde. The aliens replied in kind with the brutal plasma whining into life as it was launched at the marines. As if to fit word to action. A huge explosion ripped down the corridor behind me. I paid no mind to it. There was not time to, if the battle was this close, Zerus would be on his way out soon. That thought made me move faster. The med bay was suppose to be right around the next corner. I took a moment to prepare myself. Then stepped around the corner.

What I saw was something straight out of a crazy scientist dream. It looked like a observation room. At least there was a semblance to a med room. There were canister of bio-foam and organ cycles were all pushed up to one side of the wall. A huge glass window with a console sat in front of the rest of the room. The window had the weird water look that the covenant seemed to love so much. Looking at the center it stood still but if your eyes wander to the corner of the window. Waves could be seen flowing out and smoothing as it reached the center. The plasma field was as black as night. For a second I thought it was dark in the other room. Then through the deductive ability of pressing buttons, I found out that it was simply in what the covies called dark mode. After more brilliant button pushing. I was able to figure out how to shut it off.

After tapping off the holographic button, the window became clear. What I saw was something that blew me away. The room itself was nothing out of the ordinary. There was tables that held medical equipment, not the kind meant for humans, but the kind that was made by alien hands. There were strange monitors that held the covenants strange language. This and the rest escaped my notice as I stared to what the monitors were attached to. Laying on a medical bed in the middle of the room was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She laid on the plain table. Her bright eyes studying the ceiling above her. At this moment I could hear Ajul voice in my head. \_Something of value. \_With a start I realized that he must of meant her. I decided that I needed to save her, somehow.

There was a door nearby, though there seemed to be some type of coded lock on it. It was a very difficult and complicated coding system. After some tinkering. I was able to figure out the combination. Though a little voice tickled the back of my head. \_Why would they need a lock of that caliber?\_I ignored the strange since of foreboding. Stepping throught the door I could feel her eyes on me in a instant. She must have been expecting someone else. Because her eyes went wide as soon as they landed on me. Then she must of taken in my rifle. She opened her mouth wide as if about to scream.

I sprinted and placed my hand on her mouth as fast as I could. Not the smoothest move in the book when meeting someone. If she screamed though, I might as well ring the alarm for any nearby covies. "if you yell, you could kill us both Understand?" she nodded vigorously. I removed my hand slowly from her mouth. She kept her word and did not scream. That didn't stop her fearful wide eyed stare. I noticed that she was strapped down to the table.

The straps were simple cloth that seemed to have been pulled at. I pulled the combat knife from the compartment hidden in my wrist. Her eyes filled with horror at when she saw the blade. I ignored the look and lowered the blade to her wrist. With a few quick jerks. I had cut the binding that were holding her. Now I have to say that I was

trying my best to convince myself I had better reason for freeing her than 'she was pretty.' I told myself that she could know where Zerus was. I doubted any of the reason were valid. Though I knew my friends would agree with me. That she needed to be freed. Even so, I was painfully aware of how much time I was wasting.

When she was free she got up from the table. I noticed for the first time that she had nothing on except a small and thin nightgown. It was travel worn. And alarmingly small. She pulled up on the dress. Then pulled down. After a minute I guess she settled for somewhere in between. "who are you?" it was the first time she had spoken. Her voice was almost musical, light and airy. "I'm Gwydion" was all I could really say. The fact that she was here meant that she was important to the covenant. The covies weren't big on taking prisoner. There only a few cases of covenant taking prisoners. usually most of the time they took only majors or generals.

"my name is Sarah."

What a twist! Sorry it took so long to write this. Hope you enjoy this story. Please comment and subscribe, please... I'm lonely.

End  
file.